

Broken Lock on Pandora's Box

by Kye Above

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Summary: Edogawa Conan was just the false name for a spirit of death trapped in the form of a human child. Kuroba Kaito took on the role of Kaitou KID only for vengeance, heavily changed by his father's death. Hakuba Sachiko was determined to track down the man called Spider. One night, under the glow of Pandora, they agree to work together to discover who really killed Kudo Shinichi.

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He had found the teenager barely clinging to life. The shinigami felt no pity for him. After all these centuries, he no longer cared for the people he took life force from. The teen boy looked up at him with pleading eyes, able to see him in the moments before his death.

The shinigami knew he only had a certain amount of time to do this before Mortulo showed up. He crouched down, and lifted the teen's head closer to his own. Unconsciousness was clearly not far off, and death would follow soon after.

"Thâ€|" The teen tried to speak, too far gone to question why this unholy creature was with him in his last moments. "They might go after Ran." He managed to get out in shallow breaths. The shinigami didn't care much for this. It was different from most, as others would try to plead for their lives, not realizing that he wasn't Mortulo, but the shinigami was too focused on getting to the teen's heart before it fully gave out.

The teenager fell silent and finally blacked out, falling into the shinigami's grasp. His breathing was slowing and his body relaxing as the poison did its last number on the boy. The shinigami smiled, and held him against the wall, putting a clawed hand on that boy's heart, now able to steal the boy's soul under the Grim Reaper's lack of a nose.

But as the soul cupped in his hand, something he'd never seen happen before, happened. It jumped up from his hand, a passionate red, and headed straight at him. The last he heard before he blacked out was a phantom cry of _Ran!_

When he awoke, everything was different. Flashlights blinded him, and he hissed. He could barely hear what they were saying, but they were saying it to him. They all looked to be in perfect health, so no one should be able to see him. He shook his head, and gasped softly when he felt locks of hair touch his forehead. His soft skin covered forehead. Blood pounded through his rounded ears, and his chest lifted up and down rapidly. He screamed out of frustration, confused, afraid, and in some pain. He was a centuries old spirit of death, collector of thousands of souls, but the policemen who had first found him, whimpering half-conscious beside a dead body, saw only a six-year-old child draped in loose black robes, crying from his deep blue eyes.

The strange boy bit any hand that came near him, sinking deep into the skin, which made everyone draw away from him. Eyes were on him, but he scrunched into himself, and whimpered while the police processed the scene. He could hear them now. The victim was seventeen year old Kudo Shinichi. He was a detective who'd just recently solved another murder case. Everyone there knew him, and he could see their sorrow.

He yelled at anyone who tried to ask him a question, though it was wordless and only just under a scream. He wasn't taking this newfound clarity and set of emotions well at all. The boy couldn't understand how this had happened. He'd never heard of this happening to any of his kind. He cried out, and received looks of pity from those who thought he might have actually witnessed the teenager's death. He hadn't. He had only arrived when the teenager was already far into dying. Even if he wanted to, he wouldn't be able to answer any of their questions.

He panicked when a larger man approached him, and in this panic he managed to get off the ground, his short legs taking him a far enough distance that he no longer heard their shouts. Still, he ran farther, until his chest hurt too much, and he had to lean against a building. It was then he finally saw all of his appearance.

He was Kudo Shinichi. Or not. He hadn't remembered the teen being this short. He was a human child. He'd taken many of their souls over his many years. Being one now troubled him. He whimpered again, his breathing still quick. Was this permanent? Was he going to die like this? Thoughts like this plagued him as he stumbled aimlessly, rain soaking him through.

His hand hit stone and suddenly he was fully alert. He stared up at the gates, and then at the name on the stone. Was this that teenager's house? If so, why had he found it? He coughed, sat down against the gate, and began to cry heavily.

A sound rocked him from this state, and the wall nearby crumbled. An old man emerged, and the boy felt like he could trust this man. He shuffled over, with a quiet sob matching up with each step. "Help me." His legs gave out, and he fell into unconsciousness once again.

* * *

><p>Mouri Ran hadn't heard the bad news yet. She walked in the rain all the way to Shinichi's house, worried sick, until she saw lights on. She angrily entered through the unlocked door, calling her childhood friend's name. She received no reply, but heard voices not directed towards her.<p>

"Shinichi, is that you?" She found the room, the library, and stopped dead in her tracks. Shinichi wasn't there, but his old man friend Agasa was, right then putting down a first aid kit onto the desk. "Oh, Agasa-hakase. Is Shinichi here? I thought he was home."

"Shinichi hasn't been home. I just let myself in, because I'd run out of bandages and..." Ran heard a sound, a quiet groan. Her attention was finally brought to the other person in the room. A small boy sat on the ladder that lead up to the highest point of the Kudo library, his head wrapped in bandages.

"Whoâ€|?" She walked over to the boy, who looked up at her with uneasy eyes, his hair covering most of his features. His gaze dropped down quickly afterwards. "Hey now, don't be shy." She placed a hand on shaking shoulder, and he looked up at her once again, his blue eyes leaking sorrow.. "Oh my." Those eyes. She knew them from somewhere. "You're so adorable!"

The professor had made his way over, and Ran turned away to question him, but her hand didn't leave the boy's shoulder. "Is he with you?"

Agasa shook his head. "No. I believe he's a relative of Shinichi, and he hasn't said otherwise, even though Shinichi never mentioned that he had someone coming to visit him. But you can see the resemblance between the two." Ran had to agree, but wondered how the boy had ended up alone and with a head injury. Agasa answers one of her questions. "He came over to me for help, and ended up fainting, hitting his head on the ground."

Ran looked at the boy again, who'd kept his head upwards. "You poor thing. I'm going to give Shinichi a piece of my mind when he gets back." Only the boy knew that Shinichi wouldn't be coming back. "So what's your name?" He hesitated.

"It's, ahâ€|." He looked at the wall of books beside him for answers. He'd never been given a name, or gave himself one. He picked two names from the books at random. "It's Edogawa Conan." He pronounced the name slowly, unsure of his decision as he was saying the name.

"Conan. That's an unusual name." Ran said softly. The boy panicked, realizing he'd made a mistake.

"Well, ah, my mom was a huge fan of those kinds of books, and she named me after their author." He didn't even know where that explanation came from, but the girl seemed to accept that.

"Well, I guess that means Shinichi isn't the only Sherlock Holmes freak in your family." She smiled, and the boy, now Conan, felt heat

rushing to his cheeks. He hadn't seen a girl so beautiful in almost four hundred years.

"Umm...Iâ€|.hmmm." He couldn't think of what to say now. Ran noticed his discomfort, and the sound coming from his stomach.

"Have you eaten recently? My gosh, have you been alone _all day_? Really, Shinichi's going to be in trouble when he gets home. Oh, I just want to hit him!" Conan shrank backed, almost like he wasn't in control of the action.

"How about you take him out to eat while I try to track down Shinichi?" Agasa suggested. Neither of them knew that soon they'd be receiving a dreadful call. Conan didn't say a word on the matter, even though he knew the truth,

"I'll take him back to my place. I have to make my father dinner anyways." He still didn't know what to say, but once again, the growling answered again for him. "Come on, my house isn't too far. We can walk there. The rain was clearing up when I got here, so it shouldn't be a problem." She grabbed his hand, and half pulled him as she went to exit the library. "Agasa-hakase, make sure to call me as soon as you hear from Shinichi." Agasa nodded, puzzled as to where Shinichi could have ended up.

Conan looked up at Ran, who looked so upset that she hadn't found her friend. She would be even more upset when she found out he was dead. Conan thought back to his deadly encounter with Shinichi, and how he'd been so worried about the girl now holding his hand. How did he even know this was the girl. For all Conan knew, Shinichi had multiple female friends. But something told him that _this _was most certainly Ran. He had to be sure.

"What's your name?" The pitch of his new voice heightened just a little while asking.

"Oh, I forgot to properly introduce myself. I'm Mouri Ran, but you should call me Ran-nee-chan!" So this was Ran. He still didn't know how he already knew this. His heart pounded harder. He didn't know about a lot of things that had happened.

He only knew that he was now a human child, he didn't know how to reverse it, and that he was still so very scared.

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><p>Here's a couple things I should mention:

** - Conan is influenced by Shinichi a lot, but has his own personality and feelings now that he's human. **

** - Hakuba's mentioned genderswitch is an experiment on my part, and is important to the story. **

** - The Shinigami here feed off human lives to live longer. Human souls are able to last up to 125 years, but due to human life spans being shorter than that, the Shinigami who takes it gets all those unused years added to their own lifespan. **

** - ****Mortulo is the Grim Reaper, the only Shinigami with a name,

and the only one who collects souls but doesn't use them to extend
his own lifespan.**

End
file.